

Pressure (pushing down on me) by ascertainperson

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Summary:

A few days after Starcourt and the fight with Mike, Will is up late. Mike's words have stuck with him, and he just can't stop thinking about them. The worst part about them though? Mike was right. And so were Lonnie and Troy. Trying to cope, he turns to the only person he knows to turn to.

Pressure (pushing down on me)

July 9th, 1985
Hawkins, Indiana

It was already late at night in this little town where, at least for most people, nothing ever happened. Most of its residents were already asleep, however, a teenager by the name of Will Byers was still up, even at this late of an hour.

This time however, it wasn't interdimensional mind controlling monsters that were keeping him up tonight. No, the demons that kept the boy from falling asleep that night were entirely his own.

Why could Will never draw a long straw in his life? First the Demogorgon, then the Mindflayer, then it's meaty incarnation that destroyed an entire mall, and as if to add insult to injury, his middle school bully Troy, and Lonnie, whom he didn't even think of as a father anymore (And what a father that man had been!) had both been right about Will in the one way that Will had least wanted them to be right in. And by now, there was no point for him to keep denying it any longer than he already had.

Mike's words that one afternoon still rung in his ears. 'It's not my fault you don't like girls.' The panic he had felt when Mike said that had been unlike anything he had felt before. It wasn't just that he didn't like girls, or that the others were growing up while he was left behind. No, it was that Mike did like girls. More specifically, that he liked El. It's not like Will asked to have a crush on Mike, but that entire situation just seemed like one of the cruelest forms of dramatic irony to him. But he had to accept it. Mike, though he loved him as a friend, would never have feelings for Will. Or any boy, for that matter.

The thought sent a tear down Will's face, almost sent him weeping. He just wanted someone to love, but honestly, what were the chances of another gay kid of his age existing in Hawkins? It left him feeling alone. Isolated. Like a freak. He was weird. Just like everyone always said.

No. No he wasn't a freak. He wasn't weird. He was just one thing. He was himself. Nothing could change that. Even if he tried to be straight, whatever that meant, it would be a fruitless endeavor. It's not like he got to choose who he loves. He certainly couldn't start now, could he? He had tried hiding these feelings when he first realized he had a crush on Mike. When he first realized he was different. Tried as hard as he could to be normal, or at least as normal as was possible. But he just couldn't change reality like that. No matter how hard or how long he had tried forcing it.

Either way, Will felt bad for it. Maybe not because he was gay. But hiding this side of his from everyone else? Always being in fear of someone finding out about it? His hands started trembling just at the thought of it. How would Mike react if he found out that his best friend was not only gay, but also had a crush on him? Okay, yeah, realistically, the Party all figured it out by now, maybe save for Max and El, if El even knew what gay meant. Still, he felt... inauthentic for it. Like a liar. And friends don't lie, do they?

This pressure was pushing down on him. And he wasn't in the mood to crack. Last time he did, he was almost killed by an interdimensional monster. Sure, that danger might not have existed just then, but Will certainly felt like it did.

He had another thought cross his mind. Tell someone. And without a doubt, Will had tried. He had wanted to tell Jonathan just the night before. But he chickened out before he could knock on the door. After the Battle of Starcourt, Will thought that he could never be afraid of anything again. But the prospect of telling someone, even if it was Jonathan, perhaps the one person in the world he trusted with every cell of his body – that had just been too much for the Byers boy to handle. He had moved his hands back before he could knock on the door, then retreated back into his room, ashamed to be such a coward. He had then silently wept a bit, before falling asleep.

But not today. Today he would do it. His hands were shaking as he walked up to Jonathan's room. Over the last week, whenever his mind had not been taken up by something else, it had been filled with scenarios of what might happen if he told Jonathan he was gay. One scenario worse than the last.

He raised his hand to the door, weakly balling it into a fist. He moved his hand closer to the door... and faltered. *For fuck's sake, Will!* he thought, *You can do this. You survived much worse.* And at that thought, his hand moved to knock on the door.

Will's heart was racing after he did the secret knock that Jonathan and him had agreed upon many years ago. When Jonathan made a promise. "If you need me, even in the middle of the night, just knock. I'll be there. Promise."

Those had been his exact words. Now, it was time to see if Jonathan had meant it.

Several seconds after he had knocked on the door, seconds which, to Will, might just as well have been decades, it swung open. Of course, to Jonathan, it must have been obvious that his little brother (Though there wasn't much of a height difference between Will and Jonathan anymore) was far from a good mental state. His eyes looked alarmed at first. "The Mindflyer, is he-" Jonathan began, but Will cut him off.

"No it's not that." he said, "I just needed someone to talk with. Someone I can trust." That last part, 'Someone I can trust', must have thrown Jonathan off. Whatever it was that Will wanted to say, it must have been pretty sacred to him if he felt the need to bring up the fact he trusted Jonathan. "Come in buddy." Jonathan said. Will, still nervous as ever, came in and sat down on Jonathan's bed. Jonathan joined him after closing the door. Just the two of them and Jonathan's room. A combination of events that had taken place countless times before. Except this time, Will was afraid of it.

It honestly took no mind reader to tell Will was uncomfortable. But Jonathan knew how to make Will feel better. And he could tell that, just in that moment, keeping his distance and not pressuring him was probably the right move. "What did you mean to tell me?" he asked him gently.

Shit. No wimping out of it this time. He was too deep now. No going back. Might as well choose the frontal assault now. Will balled his fists, looked down (Which was somewhat pointless, with his eyes closed shut) and took a deep breath, before a barely comprehensible "Ivehadacrushonmikesincefifthgrade" escaped his mouth at

supersonic speeds. Accordingly, Jonathan did not catch any of what Will had just said. "What did you say?" he asked, the confusion clear in his voice.

"I've had a crush on Mike since fifth grade." he repeated, in a much more comprehensible manner this time, before adding "I'm gay." at the end a short pause later. Jonathan looked at him, and responded, in a calm, 'acknowledged' type voice, "Okay."

'Okay'? Will had gone through countless scenarios. Countless reactions he could get from Jonathan upon uttering those words. A matter-of-factly 'Okay' had not been one of them. Will's facial expression spelled out that much.

"Look, it doesn't really change anything about you, does it?" Jonathan asked. "I mean, you're still the same little brother I always had. And if it makes you happy, and you don't hurt anyone with it, who am I to judge?"

Will took a moment to process what had just happened. He could feel the weight lifting from his body. His muscles relaxed. But at the same time, there was Jonathan's reaction. Jonathan not minding Will being gay in the slightest was not at all surprising to Will. But the way that he had expressed it was what really surprised him. Actually, Will couldn't have hoped for a better reaction. At the same time, it felt so weird. But he couldn't help but smile at his brother. A smile which quickly escalated into a hug, which Jonathan gladly reciprocated.

Will was now much calmer, much more relaxed than just a few seconds ago. At least, now he had one person whom he could talk with. His entire body seemed to have lost all tension at once. It truly did make him feel better.

"So..." Jonathan began, as if unsure how to put his next sentence, "Did you like, meet someone?" he asked Will, after a few more seconds of deliberation. "No," Will said, a hint of sadness in his voice, "But it's just, I had this fight with Mike a while ago and he said that it wasn't his fault I don't like girls, and ever since then I had to keep thinking about it. And I just felt like I needed to tell someone. I already meant to tell you yesterday, but I chickened."

"But you did it in the end, didn't you?" Jonathan said. Even in a moment like this, he couldn't help but be the encouraging father figure for Will that Lonnie had never been for either of them. "You did it despite being scared to death of the idea." Will wanted to protest, but Jonathan knew what Will looked like in situations where death was a likely outcome. In actual danger. "And that's the important part, isn't it? Do, or do not, as Yoda would say." Will chuckled, as Jonathan not only quoted Yoda, but did an impeccable impression of him in the process. "I think a set of big green ears would look well on you." he laughed. Jonathan joined him.

Jonathan then looked at his clock. "Hmm, late it is." he said, still in a Yoda impression, "Go to sleep we should. A weekday, tomorrow is." Will laughed and rolled his eyes. "It's the middle of summer break!" he protested, "But who am I to object to Master Yoda?" They both laughed, before Will, now that little bit more himself, stood up and left for his own room. Both boys gently drifted into sleep, with a hint of a smile on both of their faces.

Author's Note:

Is this my third "Will comes out to Jonathan" fanfic? Yes. Do i care? No. Did i write this because i came out myself a while ago and wanted to use that experience to make a better fanfic? You bet. Should i shut up now? I should probably have done that 2 questions ago.